ALL-NEW ULTIMATES®

ULTIMATE MARVEL NOW!

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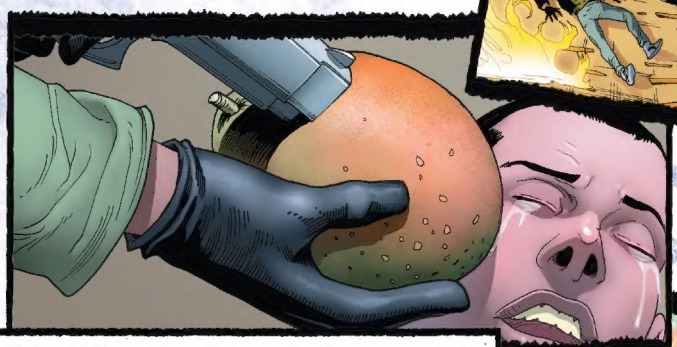
005

ALL-NEW ULTIMATES

Teen super heroes **Spider-Man**, **Kitty Pryde**, **Cloak** and **Dagger**, **Bombshell**, and **Black Widow** have formed a crime-fighting team. They call themselves: **the New Ultimates.**

Their **first** mission: a gang called the **Serpent Skulls** who have been dealing **super-power drugs** with a **high mortality rate.**

Thanks to **Lana's boyfriend Poey**, the Ultimates were able to track down the source of the drugs to a **warehouse** and **destroyed** the supply.



The Skulls found Poey and killed him.

Lana was kidnapped by the **Skulls** and **poisoned** with a powder called **Diamond Dust** --

-- rendering her **completely helpless** and compelled to do **whatever the Skulls command...**

And what do they want? To take down the New Ultimates!

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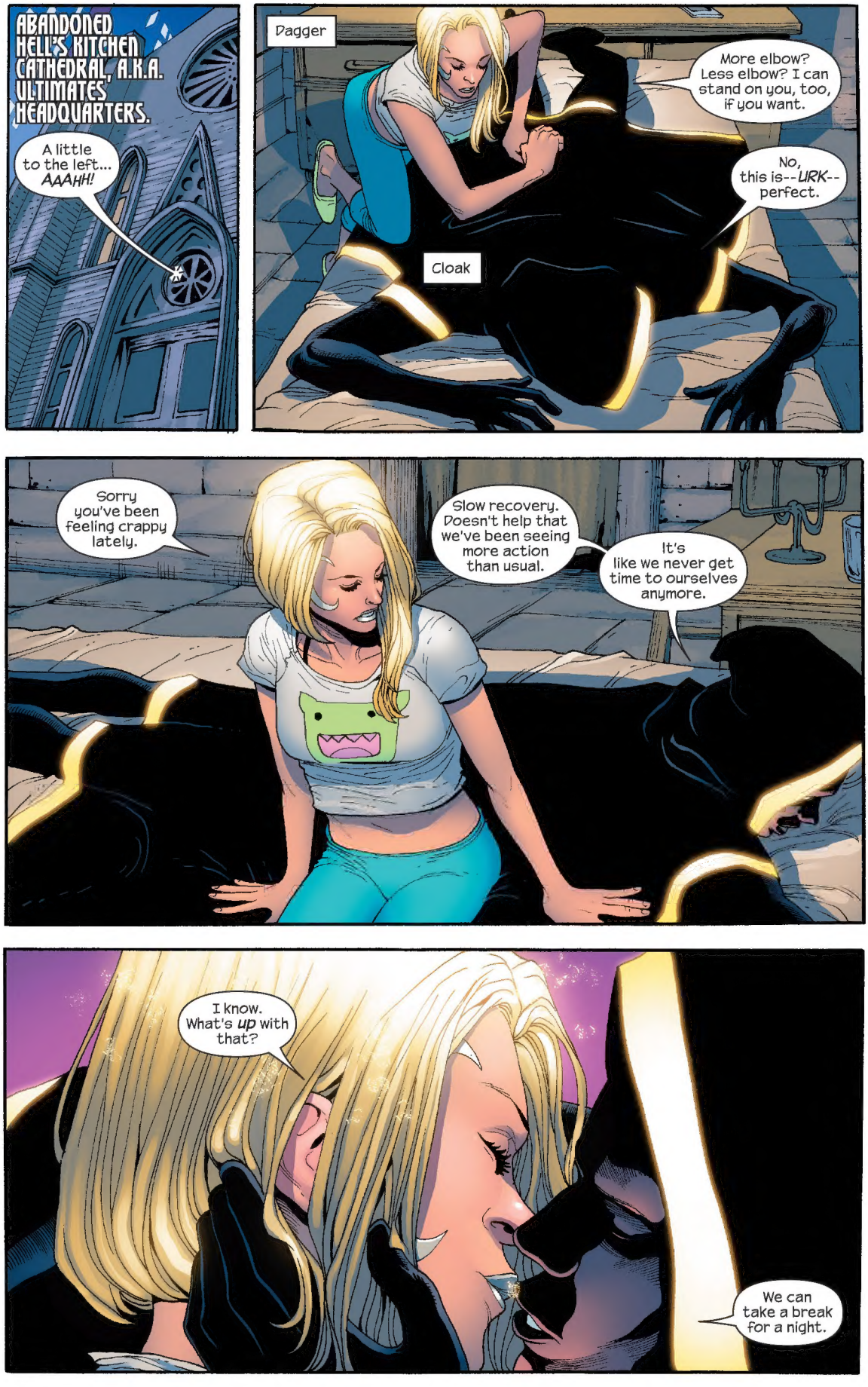
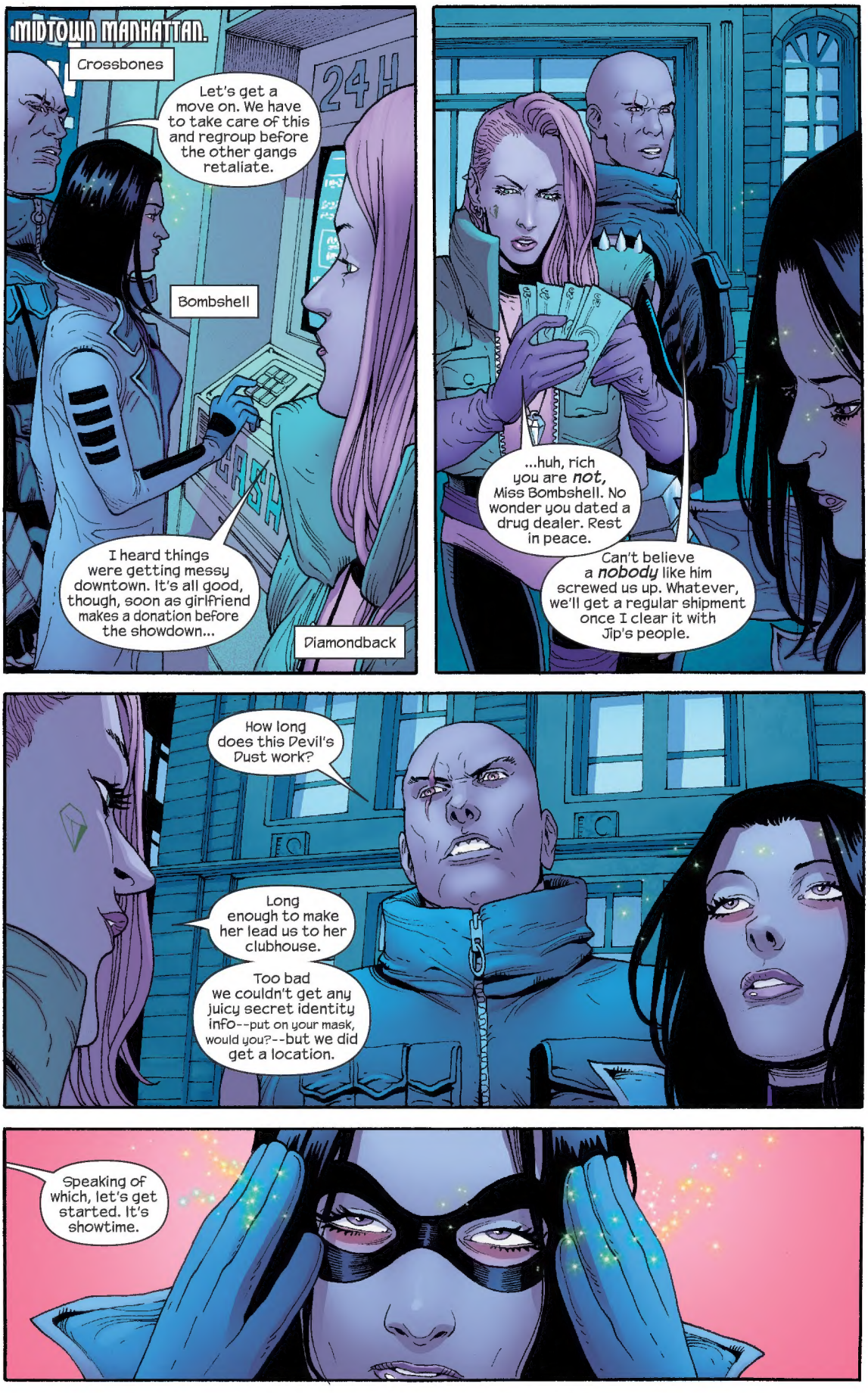
CHELSEA, NYC.
What gang did you say you were in? Oh, hold on--
--remind me to care!
THWAX
Black Widow
Kitty Pryde
Spider-Man
THR-POW

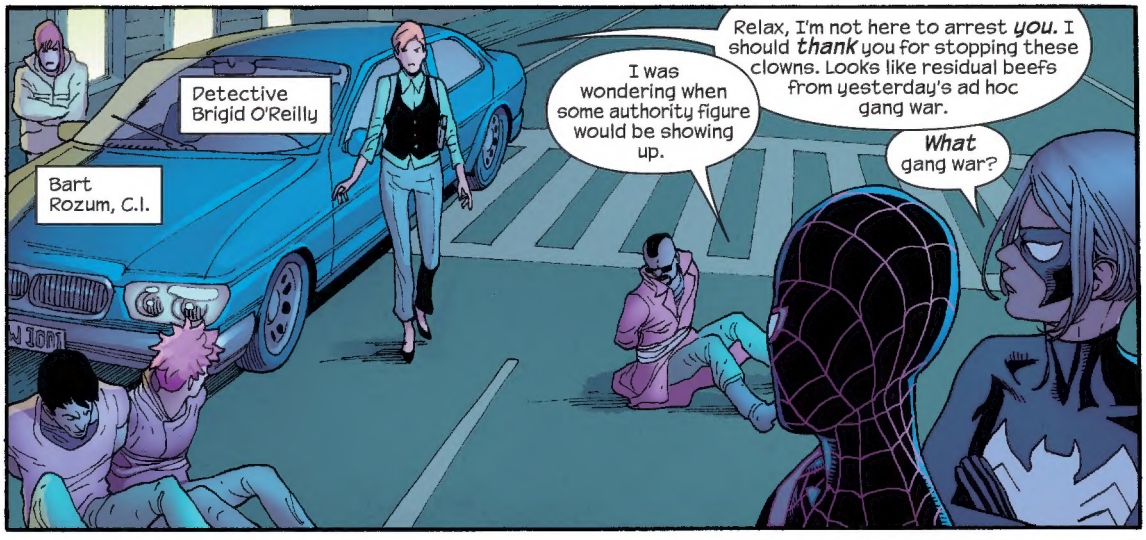
What is *wrong* with you people?!
I think we can skip the part where we talk sense to them.
THWAK
They seem hopped up on something, and looks like...
...they've already been in a fight. There's no calming them down.
UNGHF!
KRK
OPEN

VROOMMM
YAAAHHH!
Slow down, mister!
THWIP
KUH-RASHSHSHK
That was close! Sorry about that.
You stopped it best you could.
These guys don't look like Skulls, so what are they doing on their turf?
Retaliation? Peace treatise? Date night?
Let's round them up first, then we play junior detectives. The more we bag, the better.
grrRRoannNN

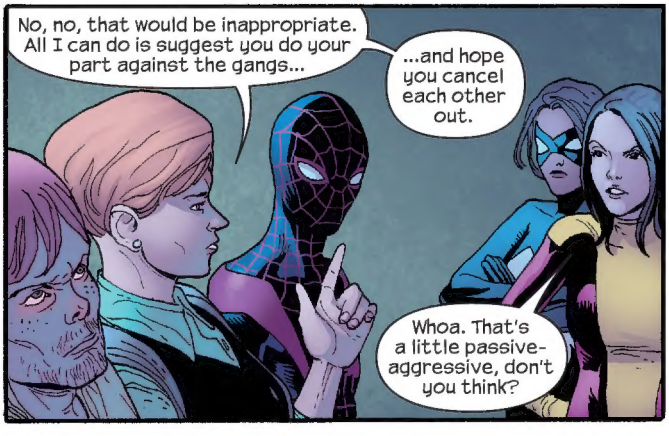

ABANDONED HELL'S KITCHEN CATHEDRAL, A.K.A. ULTIMATES HEADQUARTERS.
A little to the left... AAAHH!
Dagger
Cloak
More elbow? Less elbow? I can stand on you, too, if you want.
No, this is--URK-- perfect.
Sorry you've been feeling crappy lately.
Slow recovery. Doesn't help that we've been seeing more action than usual.
It's like we never get time to ourselves anymore.
I know. What's up with that?
We can take a break for a night.

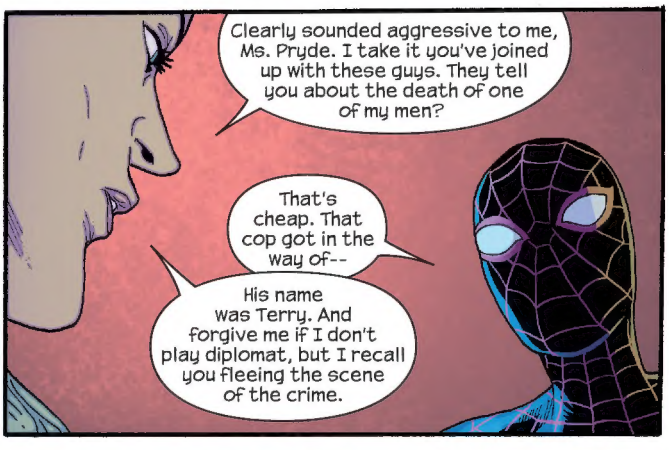
ZZSCH
SKFCHZZZ
SKRCHCHZZT


MIDTOWN MANHATTAN.
Crossbones
Let's get a move on. We have to take care of this and regroup before the other gangs retaliate.
Bombshell
I heard things were getting messy downtown. It's all good, though, soon as girlfriend makes a donation before the showdown...
Diamondback
...huh, rich you are *not*, Miss Bombshell. No wonder you dated a drug dealer. Rest in peace.
Can't believe a *nobody* like him screwed us up. Whatever, we'll get a regular shipment once I clear it with Jip's people.
How long does this Devil's Dust work?
Long enough to make her lead us to her clubhouse.
Too bad we couldn't get any juicy secret identity info--put on your mask, would you?--but we did get a location.
Speaking of which, let's get started. It's showtime.


Detective Brigid O'Reilly
Bart Rozum, C.I.
I was wondering when some authority figure would be showing up.
Relax, I'm not here to arrest you. I should thank you for stopping these clowns. Looks like residual beefs from yesterday's ad hoc gang war.
What gang war?

The Serpent Skulls took it upon themselves to break the gang truce. My squad's hands are tied in official policy, but you people--
--I don't see you having a chain of command to answer to.
I thought we were outlaws to you. Now you're telling us to help out--?


No, no, that would be inappropriate. All I can do is suggest you do your part against the gangs...
...and hope you cancel each other out.
Whoa. That's a little passive-aggressive, don't you think?


Clearly sounded aggressive to me, Ms. Pryde. I take it you've joined up with these guys. They tell you about the death of one of my men?
That's cheap. That cop got in the way of--
His name was Terry. And forgive me if I don't play diplomat, but I recall you fleeing the scene of the crime.

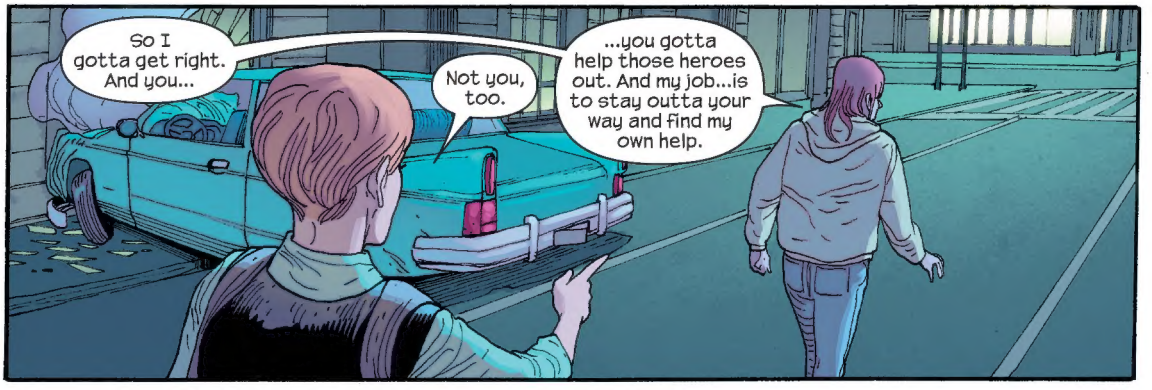
Oop! Speaking of fleeing, business calls.
We'll have to prove our innocence some other time.
VEETBP
VEETBP
VVETBP
VVETBP

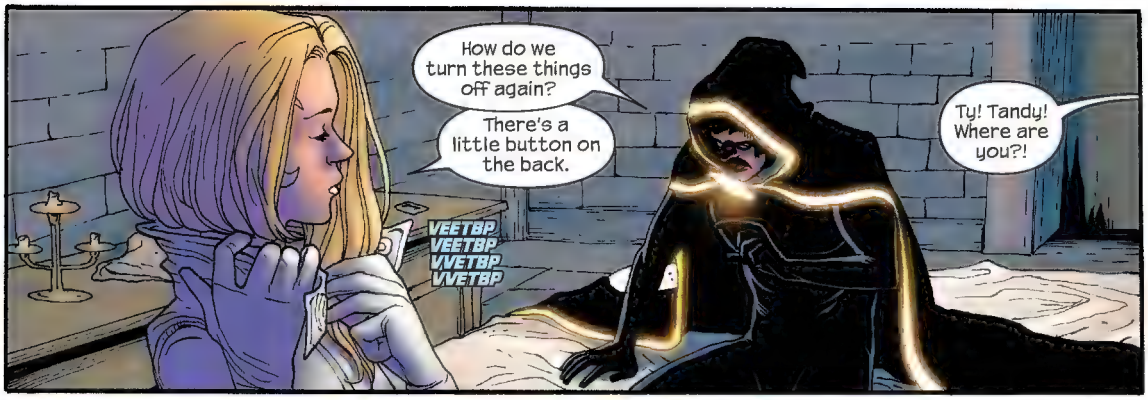
Wait!

I think...I think I know where they're going.
The church on 42nd...the old, crappy one. I think that's where they all live or something.
I can't just leave you here, Bart. What about the clinic?
Forget the clinic...I don't need no clinic. I'm telling you where that Cloak dude lives, where they probably hang out. S'why I came to you.
This is the worst I've seen you. The clinic will--

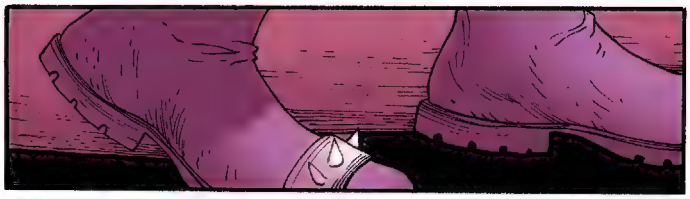
They're not bad guys, but I think you know that.
Not gonna stay here and complain... to you...about my problems.
I just gotta get right. When that Cloak man took me and Bennie in his cape...

...I saw darkness. *The* darkness. It was worse than pitch black. It was ***hopeless.***
And I can't speak for Bennie, but I can't stay on that road. I'll die if I do, and you know what? I'm scared of ***wanting*** to stay on that road.

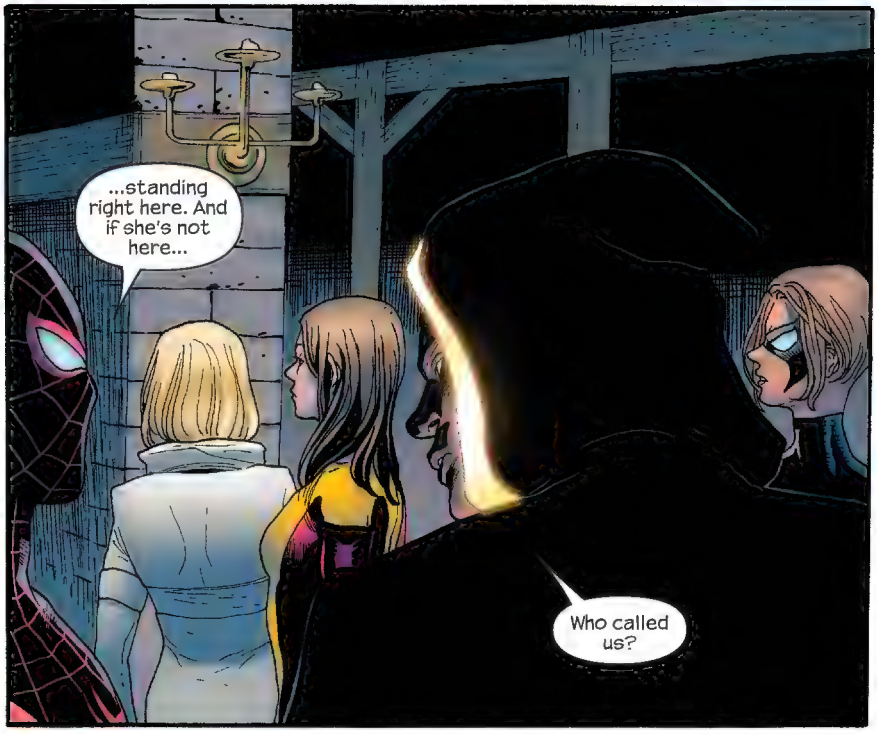

So I gotta get right. And you...
Not you, too.
...you gotta help those heroes out. And my job...is to stay outta your way and find my own help.


How do we turn these things off again?
There's a little button on the back.
Ty! Tandy! Where are you?!
VEETBP
VEETBP
VVETBP
VVETBP

Up here! What's going on?
What's the emergency?
We were gonna ask you the same thing. Why'd you wanna meet here?



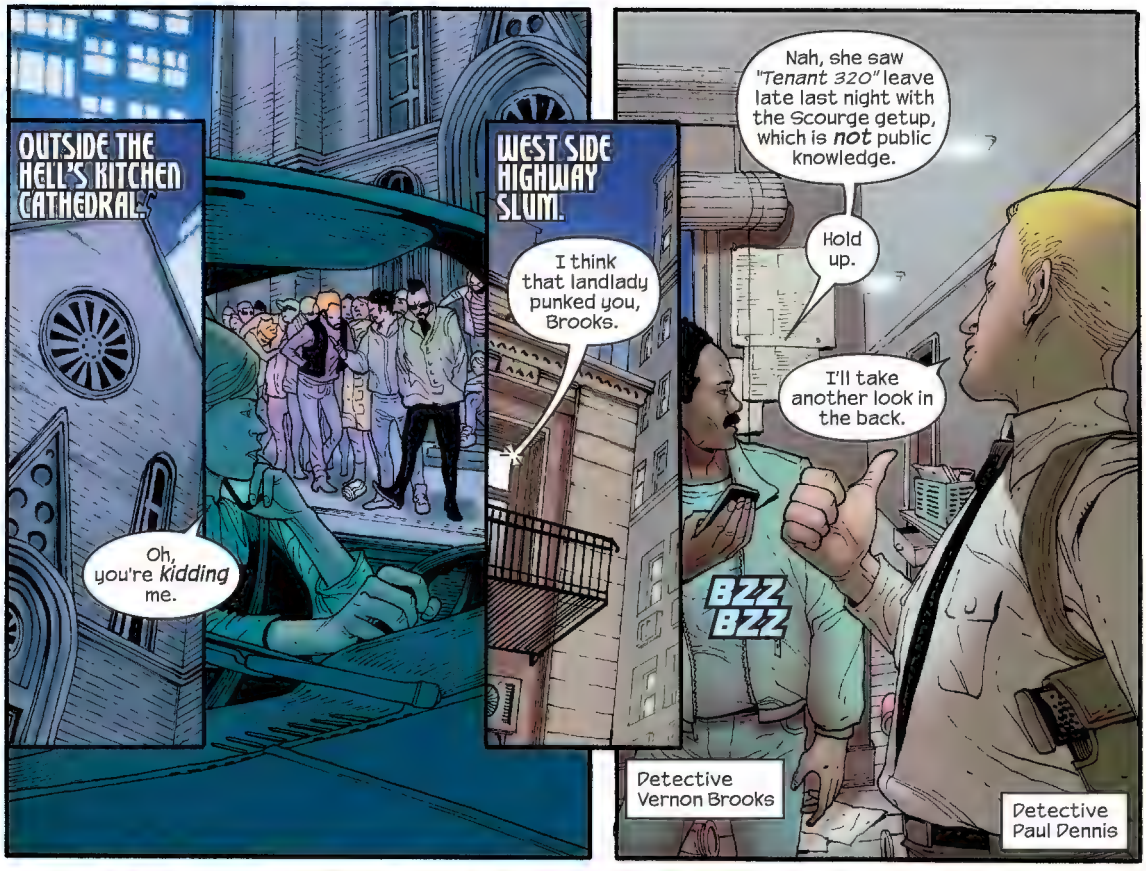
Where is Bombshell, anyway?
Well, her signal was coming from here, so she should be...


...standing right here. And if she's not here...
Who called us?

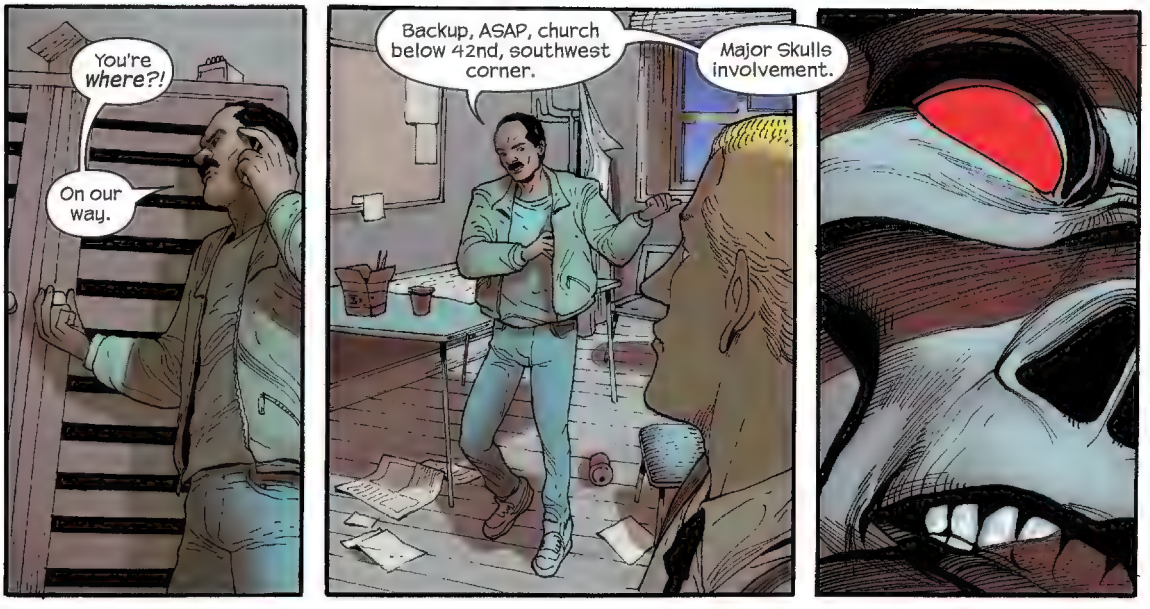
On a silver platter, just like that.
Take them!
FWASHHZZ
World famous...
...and still...
...next to useless.
So you're the one Diamondback can't shut up about. Don't look like much to me.

I'm surprised to see you survive your little "trip." First one's always free--
--what the hell, so's this one!
I'm not really a revenge type of gal...
KSHKRSHS
...but for you, I'll make an exception.
...

They have spirit, but who gives a crap about any of that? They'll go down easy enough.
They've given us enough trouble to disprove you.
Hey, this was *my* plan, remember? Worked like a dream, is what you're trying to say.
I got plenty of troops keeping watch. How do you wanna finish this?
Slit her throat once she snaps out of your spell. Don't need more loose ends.
As for her friends...
...I think it's time they met...
CROSSBONES.


OUTSIDE THE HELL'S KITCHEN CATHEDRAL.
Oh, you're *kidding* me.
WEST SIDE HIGHWAY SLUM.
I think that landlady punked you, Brooks.
Nah, she saw "*Tenant 320*" leave late last night with the Scourge getup, which is ***not*** public knowledge.
Hold up.
I'll take another look in the back.
BZZ BZZ
Detective Vernon Brooks
Detective Paul Dennis

What's up, O'Reilly?


You're *where?!*
On our way.
Backup, ASAP, church below 42nd, southwest corner.
Major Skulls involvement.

So you--
WHUB
--you're the ones giving me grief.
POP
POP
What-- not even a "sorry"?
Hunh?

Not another step, meathead.
Pah!
KRCHK
Don't tell me that hurt! I was just playing with you. Now *this*...
...this should hurt.

Get out! Get out of here!
Oufff!
KRCH
Guh--!
A liiiittle to the right. A little bit more...there you go. Okay, I think you got it.

Glad you decided to join us, Cobra. How'd the burial--?
Pfft--burial? I dumped that dope's body in a dumpster.
Hey, shouldn't we help out with the fight?
Nah, that's ***her*** job. She did good in leading us to her *"hall of justice."*
Now, c'mon! I used up all of my Diamond Dust to get you in here. So like I said, aim right at his head--
--and just blow him away.
The way we did your boy, Poey.
Poey.

KRAKKR-
BOOM
YEARRRGH!
KRBOOM

KRASHHCRCR
Tower's collapsing--everyone *move!*
I thought I saw Bombshell. I gotta--!
Jess, wait!

...over... it's done...
...I don't care...how many of you I catch but...
...you're all...
...DEAD!
NEXT: WRITHE AND ATTACK!